Melancholy thoughts.

IF the dull ſubſtance of my fleſh were thought,
Injurious diſtance ſhould not ſtop my way,
For then diſpight of ſpace I would be brought,
From limits farre remote, where thou dooſt ſtay,
No matter then although my foote did ſtand
Vpon the farthеſt earth remoov'd from thee,
For nimble thought can jumpe both ſea and land,
As ſoone as thinke the place where he would be.
But ah, thought kills me that I am not thought
To leape large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that ſo much of earth and water wrought,
I muſt attend, times leaſure with my mone.
Receiving naughts by elements ſo ſloe,
But heavy teares, badges of either's woe.
The other two, ſlight ayre, and purging fire,
Are both with thee, where ever I abide,
The firſt my thought, the other my deſire,
Theſe preſent abſent with ſwift motion ſlide.
For when theſe quicker Elements are gone
In tender Embaſſie of love to thee,
My life being made of foure, with two alone,
Sinkes downe to death, oppreſt with melancholy.
Vntill lives compoſition be recured,
By thoſe ſwift meſſengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come backe againe aſſured,
Of their faire health, recounting it to me.
This told, I joy, but then no longer glad,
I ſend them back againe and ſtraight grow ſad.

Loves Loſſe.

SWeet Roſe, faire flower, untimely pluckt, ſo
Plukt in the bud, and vaded in the ſpring :
Bright Orient pearle, alacke too timely ſhad
Faire creature, kild too ſoone by Deaths ſha
Like a greene plumbe that hangs upon a t
And fals (through winde) before the fall
I weepe for thee, and yet no cauſe I have,
For why; thou leſts me nothing in thy Will
And yet thou leſts me more then I did crave
For why : I craved nothing of thee ſtill:
O yes (deare friend) I pardon crave of the
Thy diſcontent thou didſt bequeath to me

Loves Releeſe.

PVll many a glorious morning have I ſeene
Flatter the mountaine tops with ſoveraign
Kiſſing with golden face the meddowes gree
Gilding pale ſtreames with heavenly alcumy
Anon permit the baſeſt clouds to ride,
With ougly rack on his celeſtiall face,
And from the forlorne world his viſage hide
Stealing unſeene to weſt with this diſgrace:
Even ſo my Sunne one early morne did ſhine
With all triumphant ſplendor on my brow,

POEMS William Shakespeare LONDON, 1640 THE WARNOCK LIBRARY Octavo